

OLD INTEREST:

A

F A R C E,

O F

Three and Forty A C T S.

As it is perform'd with great Disaffection

At the Th——e in O—f—d,

By none of his Majesty King GEORGE's Servants,
Nor by his MAJESTY's Command.

B E I N G

A true Specimen of OLD-INTEREST RELIGION,
OLD-INTEREST POLITICKS, REASONING and
MANNERS; and a full Answer to an anonymous Pamphlet, entitled, *The Circumcision of Sir E. T.* and to all other scurrilous *Old-Interest* Pamphlets, Letters, or Advertisements, that have been, or ever shall be published.

Talibus dominandi Potestas non datur nisi summa Dei Providentia, quando res humanas judicet talibus Dominis dignas. *Aug. de civit. Dei.*

Illis quæta movere magna Merces videbatur. *Sal.*

Hic Cacum in tenebris incendia vana vomentem
Corripit—————

————— *nequeunt expleri corda tuendo*
Terribiles oculos, vultus villosaque fetis
Pectora semiferi atque extinctos faucibus Ignes. *Virg.*

L O N D O N :

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Price 6d.—or 5s. a Dozen.

TO INTEREST

F A R C E

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TO THE
GENTLEMEN
OF THE
NEW-INTEREST,
FRIENDS

To { The Protestant Succession,
His Majesty King GEORGE
the Second,
The Liberties and Rights of
their Countrymen ;

MEN
Superior to the Calumnies of a DESPAIRING
and SINKING FACTION;

This is disinterestedly presented

By

George Greenwood.

TO THE

OF THE MEN

NEW-INTEREST

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PROLOGUE spoken by *Freehold*.

IN quondam Times—the Lord knows when—
Or where the Place—or who the Men—
But true it is that Worth and Merit,
Unrival'd Laurels did inherit,
Contented Poets sung their Lays
Which Judgment form'd to challenge Praise;
Each gen'rous Passion Nature mov'd,
Nay Critics in the Pit approv'd.

But Days of Yore apart—this Night
For Cause of Liberty we fight,
A blooming Damsel sore beset
By Suitors caught in Cupid's Net,
Implores the val'rous Errant's Aid,
To set her free with trenchant Blade;
And place her in true Lover's Arms,
Secure from Faction's dire Alarms.

Your Favour, Gentles, is their Shield,
Applause the Sword our Knights must wield,
With these at once they cleave in two
Wizards, Dragons, Giants plaid and blue,
Fidlers, Bullies, Drunkards, Fencers,
Roarers, Ranters, Brawlers, Wenchers,
And those who Paths disloyal tread,
With Falsehoods, and with Malice fed.
But should some Necromancer foil
Our Champions twain, and mock their Toil,
Or else to Dungeon dark confin'd
In Chains the vanquish'd Heroes bind;
The Fair who trip o'er verdant Walk,
Or with beau Gown-men harmless talk,
And then vouchsafing nearer Grace,
Pit-pat along to Oxford Race,
Demurely perching on their Hacks,
An Oxford Fortune on their Backs,
Their Charms the more attractive spell,
Soon shall the mighty Woe repell,
To-day restore the County's Darlings,
And scorn Old Int'rest Threats and Snarlings.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Old-Interest,</i>	} Rivals for <i>Angelica</i> ,	{ <i>Mr. Ramney.</i>
<i>Trueman,</i>		
<i>Catgut,</i>	} Partizans of <i>Old-Interest</i> ,	{ <i>Mr. Buttry.</i>
<i>Bumper,</i>		
<i>Wiseacre,</i>		
<i>Paris,</i>		
<i>Le-Masque,</i>	Valet to <i>Old-Interest</i> ,	<i>Mr. French.</i>
<i>Freehold,</i>	} Guardians to <i>Angelica</i>	{ <i>Mr. Freehold</i>
<i>Property,</i>		
		<i>Mr. Landworth</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Basilica,</i>	<i>Mrs. C——.</i>
<i>Angelica,</i>	<i>Mrs. S——.</i>

Skulls, Ghosts, Broomsticks, Drawers, Frenchmen, Servants, &c.

A C T XLIII*.

S C E N E I.

*High-Street, Oxford.**Morning.**Enter OLD-INTEREST drunk.*

Sings. “ **A** S down in the Meadows one Morn-
 “ ing I pass’d,
 “ O there (*Hiccup*) I beheld a most beauti-
 “ ful Lass,
 “ Her Age I am sure it was scarcely fifteen,
 “ And she on her Head (*Hiccup*) wore a
 “ Garland of Green.

Tol de rol, tol tol de rol, (Hiccup) down with the
 Shitfacks, (*Hiccup*) down with the Shitfacks, give
 me your jovial Bottle-drainers, your jolly Dogs,
 your roaring Blades, your Bloods at Elbow-raising;
 give me none of your Chitty-fac’d, Spindle-shank’d,
 Herring-gutted Milk-sops, your whining, Paper-
 skull’d, White-liver’d Knaves, (*Hiccup*) Zoons
 the Whoresons have no more Juice in ’em than a
 Bit

* It is necessary. good Reader, to inform thee, that Forty-two Acts of this inimitable *Academico-Farcico-Tragicomical Drama*, being only an eternal Round and Repetition of Sights, contemptuous Treatment of Freeholders, treasonable Toasts, Disloyalty and Drunkenness, &c. &c. &c. are purposely omitted, lest a Recapitulation of the most undutiful and ungracious Behaviour for forty Years towards Princes most deserving of their Subjects Gratitude, should so stir up thy Choler as to prevent thy patient Attention to the Catastrophe, which according to the Rules prescribed to such Compositions, terminates happily.

Bit of Chalk.—Hush, Hush, Hush,—let's see—
O I perceive I am at the right Door. Now for an
Old-Interest Serenade.—Hem—Hem—Yo ho,
Yo ho, whew, Halloo, whoop, what the Devil
are they all dead; So ho, down with the Round-
heads, down with the Roundheads.

Sings. “ Her Lips were like Rubies, and as for
“ her Eyes,

“ They sparkled like Diamonds or Stars in
“ the Skies,

“ And as for her Voice—(*Hiccup*)

Egad if no better than mine 'tis dear at a brass
Farthing.

(*Within*) Who calls?

O. I. Halloo Boys, here's a legitimate Son of Bac-
chus, a Worshipper of the Flask, and High-Priest
of the Mitre-Tavern; one who measures the Hours
by empty Bottles, sleeps every Morning upon a Butt
of Sack, topes all Night for the Good of his Coun-
try, is dull at Six, grows good Company by Eight,
roars out a Song by Ten, toasts Bawdy by Twelve,
talks Treason at One, dead drunk by Two, sleeps
till Four, then t'other Round till Six, and then reels
Home—(*Hiccup*) So, I have roused the Game at last.

Enter BASILICA.

Bas. What Royfter thus disturbs Sobriety?

O. I. By Jove the old Lady, now for an Inun-
dation of Rebukes and Exhortations.

Bas. Your Business Sir.

O. I. Bosky (*Hiccup*) Bosky begad—O this in-
fernal Bumpering.—Well, old Girl, how fits Ma-
trimony upon your Daughter's Stomach? Come,
shake Hands, ye queer Bitch, one Buss, I love
you dearly.

Bas. Your long Absence is a Sign of it.

O. I. Pshaw pshaw, Business, Avocation, why
I'll drain a Butt of Sack to the Lees in toasting your
Health, swear you was begot by *Jove*, damn all your
Opposers, and pay my Tithe-Pig; I am in a Word a
spiritual

spiritual Drawcanfir, and kill Millions of your Enemies with a single Anathema, nay I swear solemnly that I would not pull off a single * Tag or Fringe from your Petticoat to save all the Souls in the three Kingdoms.

Bas. This intemperate Zeal for my Petticoat, and Disregard to my Doctrine, is diametrically opposite to my Sentiments—If any Lady likes her Clothes cut in a different and innocent Fashion, let her wear them; but when a Lady runs into Fashions and Manners fantastical, and dangerous to civil and religious Liberty, to the Souls, Bodies, and Estates of her Admirers, I am bound to prevent the Contagion spreading in my Dominions. Reform Mr. *Old-Interest*, amend your Conduct, even the Populace cry out, most shameful——

O. I. Heigh, ho, (*Hiccup*) egad I shall grow seriously sober—Come, come, to the Business, is *Angelica* stirring? when do the Guardians meet?

Bas. Heal those Wounds which the tender Face of your Reputation receives from your Irregularities, reform, reform.

O. I. Irregularities, (*Hiccup*) Irregularities, I shall be a Twelvemonth chewing and swallowing that confounded Word, Ir-re-gu-la-ri-ties. (*Hiccup*) Madam I am as regular as yon Brother Red-face, who gallops every Day from East to West—My Round is from Bed to Tavern, and from the Tavern to Bed, and if I ever bilk a Bumper so long as I can stand upon my Pins I'll be d——d. (*Hiccup*) Yo ho old Girl, † come, the best—in Christendom—I'll bellow to Eternity for the Cause; plan Sieges, raise Rebellions, overturn Constitutions, and talk Treason, (*Hiccup*) over a Flask of Florence——

Sings. Bacchus must now his Power resign,

I am the only God of Wine

I am the only God of Wine.

The Mitre is my Temple, an oval Table covered
B with

* Ceremonies.
Company.

† A favourite Health of — in public

with green Cloth my Altar, the Steam of hot Punch my Frankincense, a Pint Bumper the Libation poured to my Deity, a Tavern Bell my Music, and the Landlord, Cook, and Drawers my Worshippers, (*Hiccup.*)

Baf. You would not dare to talk thus to me were you sincerely in my Interest ; Madam *Gerogaw**, I suppose, with her House stuck full of Ægyptian Idols, and her Furbelows and Flounces, and tinsel Equipage, has stolen your Affections.

O. I. I smoak you (*Hiccup*) well, well, let us go into the House till the Guardians come†. I'm sure of the Election eight to five.

Baf. Your present Condition obliges me to refuse you Entrance, as for your Success, Event will best determine the Quality of it.

O. I. The Devil, what do you affront me, Madam ? Think you the Guardians will choose that fanatical Whore's-bird *Trueman*—The Rascal has had the monstrous Impudence to drag Old-Interest into Light, and to assert my Inability to muster one Tythe of those Legions I pretended to in Paper ; nay, most unsufferable ! has instilled antiquated Notions of Right and Wrong into their Heads, of some certain Privileges they had forgot they were possessed of ; but I'll sconce the Villain.

Baf. The World speaks fair of *Trueman*—

O. I. A Dog, a Rascal (*Hiccup*) a Conjuror, a Quack. How durst he think of disturbing the Peace of the County.

Baf. Weak Causes, like Women, combat with the Tongue. My Family Business requires my Presence. Your Servant. [*Goes in.*]

O. I. The Door fasten'd ! Shut out of the House ! in a fine Hole begad. I am to dine at the Mitre ; I must call there my Cabinet Council—My Valet too may be serviceable—the Rogue is artful and cunning. One Nap and then *Angelica*.——

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

* Popery. † The present Computation which the *O. I.* flatter themselves with.

(II)

SCENE II.

High-Street.

TRUMAN.

HERE lives inshrined the Goddess of my Vows,
Angelica the fair, sweet Beauty's Queen,
To whom I pay my Morning Orisons.
Each Blessing which the Pow'rs above can give,
Health, Ease, Abundance, Freedom, Loveliness,
All that Creation can profusely pour
She fast within her watry Girdle binds.
This Day her Guardians will pronounce my Doom,
And here I meet my proud Antagonist,
Whom Expectation long has held in Chains
Of torturing Suspence, and boiling Lust
* Of rifling all her Charms, has rioted
In foul Imagination——
And yet in Semblance outward who more fair?
Who more tenacious of the public Weal?
Masking thus the Terror-striking Visage
Of foul Rebellion, with Hypocrisy,
Which, like Sleep, levels to the waking Eye
The Sinner and the Saint.
But I see Mr. *Freehold* and Mr. *Property*,——

Enter FREEHOLD and PROPERTY.

Free. Mr. *Conscience*, Mr. *Patriotism*, Mr. *Loyalty*, and the rest are just behind—we are in good Time. So, Mr. *Truman*, Love trespasses upon your Morning Sleep.

True. That I do love the fair *Angelica*,
Let my Tongue, Heart, Act, Mind, and each
sovereign
Function of my Nature, testify; and
With a Flame too, might warm the chilled Breasts
Of worldless Anchorites, and not pollute

Their Sanctity—You are the Centinels
Placed by our Laws to shield from Rapine
This sweet Garden of the Hesperides,
And on your Breath hangs my Felicity.

Free. Conscience, Oath, and Duty to my Country
Govern and direct my Voice——

Prop. ——And mine too.

True. Spoken like true, right worthy Gentle-
men——.

But yet this gen'rous Freedom, long Disuse,
And gross Neglect of your Prerogative,
Amongst the Deeds of noblest Spirit place.

Free. Too long indeed our passive Sufferance
Of arbitrary Treatment has condemn'd
Our Indolence, and if for half an Age
Tamely to behold Pride, and foul Contempt,
Most infamously poured upon our Privilege,
Be culpable—why then we need much Pardon.

True. Alas Sirs, my Rival is my Brother;
From one Parental Earth we are deriv'd,
One Air we breathe, one God we both obey,
One sacred Law we reverence; but yet
Far dearer Ties than Brotherhood, my Faith,
My Prince, my Country, and my lovely Maid,
Endanger'd by his erring Policy,
Invoke my first Concern—his Crimes my Grief.

Prop. How can his Passion be adjudg'd sincere
Who stains *Angelica* with Bastardy?
A Wretch who cries aloud with tainted Breath,
Her Father is not the good *Basillicus*,
But an abjur'd Pension Vagabond,
A Bubble formed to support a Cause,
A Tool of Gallic Craft, and Papal Zeal,
A gross Idolater!

True. Some Winters since
A Danger menaced with Death my Love,
A Savage * Tiger from his Keepers broke,
And near approach'd to kill the trembling Maid.
Swifter than Lightning or the winged Winds

My

* My Friends I gather'd and repell'd the Foe,
My Rival hid his faithless Head, and by
That Action, gave us Demonstration strong,
That all his Zeal for dear *Angelica*
Was but a Bait to catch the Populace.

Prop. His Manners too would Scarlet Blushes
raise,
In Cheek of modern Immorality ;
The venom'd Arrows of his slanderous Tongue
Poison more than Adders Tooth or Aconite.

Free. Thanks to the Pow'rs above, the Time is
come,
Sacred to Vengeance, for much injur'd Rights.
By this *Angelica* expects us — Mr. *Trueman*
Your Company.

True. Gentlemen, with Pleasure. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

High-Street.

OLD-INTEREST and MASQUE.

HELL blast 'em, what ! those Doors opened to
my Rival so lately shut to me ! Death and
Damnation—

Mas. Vat be de Matter, vat be dis Furie, Helas !
Helas !

O. I. Ruin'd, Ruin'd, *Old-Interest* is no more,
he is expired, the Hell-hounds have scented him out.

Mas. Oh mon Dieu, vel me be tout a votre Ser-
vice.

O. I. *Trueman ! Trueman !* damn'd, perjur'd
Trueman.

Mas. Un Coquin, un Poltroon, begar he do
move his two Legs like two Stilts, stalk, stalk, no
bon Grace ; his Cloaths do hang upon his Shoul-
ders like upon de Peg, he do drefs his Tete like
un Owl—— *O. I.*

* Oxfordshire Association, which a present M—b—r for the
Uni—v—y thought fit to present at the Quarter-Sessions for a
Nuisance. O Tory Loyalty !

O. I. A Knave, to disturb the County with Rights and Wrongs, and the Devil knows what. My Name has carried the Election this forty Years, but I'm blown, our Clubs knocked on the Head; half a dozen of us and a Pint of Port could have created a Roman Senate—but—*Troja fuit*. Help help your Master dear *Masque*.

Mas. Monsieur, draw votre Epee, and seize de Dame, me vil assist, den Bastile her for Life: as for de wooden-headed Guardians, make deir Heels tally vid deir Heads, and present dem with Wooden Shouse.

O. I. Well, I'll step and advise with my Friends at the Mitre, and consider of it; be you thereabout waiting for me. [Exit,

Mas. Ouy Monfieur—O, O, O, vel, vel, begar dis Confuzione and Divizione be fort jolie, villst dese be at Loggerheads, me vil seize de Lady for my own proper Use. [Exit,

S C E N E IV.

The Mitre-Tavern.

BUMPER, CATGUT, WISEACRE, and PARIS.

Bump. **M**ORE French Wine—The Devil take all Taxes, give me Governments that are administer'd without any Expence, more Burgundy——

Drawer. Coming, Coming, Sir.

Bump. So is old Christmas—There's another Grievance.

Wife. By-gad the old Styles in our Part of the County are worth a Million of your New Stiles; patching your Old with New Styles, is sewing old and new Cloth together, the Rent will be worse than before.

Par. The Nation's ruin'd, we are loaded with a Debt of Millions; Luxury, Profligacy and Venality combine to destroy our Liberty; you may believe me there is not an honest Man, nor a Christian

stian this Day in Great Britain, but us two or three Tories.

Cat. We'll reform the Nation: Tolerating those damn'd Schismatics is our Ruin. No Toleration, No Toleration, down with the Shiftsacks, down with them——yea even to the Ground.

Bump. By'r Lady give me an Inquisition, a rare Thing, a fine Thing, an Inquisition makes the fanatical Rogues as mute as a Fish. Your Toast *Catgut*,

Cat. A Bumper of Water there——The King over the Water — [Sings.] *He comes, the Hero comes.*

Par. You remind me of a bloody good Song I here have in my Pocket, dear *Catgut* sing it to your Fiddle; it shews the salutary, reasonable Design of our Party.

OLD ENGLAND'S WISH: Or, A Tory Government.

A King who is no Protestant

To wipe away our Debts,

A Bigot to Idolatry

Who at our Freedom frets.

A Church which damns all antient Forms,

Converts with Fire and Sword,

Whose Saints the Monks create for Pelf,

Which locks up God's true Word.

A State without a standing Force

To guard it from its Foes,

A Crown without a Revenue

For Servants Food, or Cloaths.

A Court where all are just and good,

Where none Self-Int'rest mind,

No Salary nor Pension paid,

But each one serves for—Wind.

A Ministry that pleases all,

By Libel ne'er abus'd;

That always is infallible,

Nor e'er of Bribe accus'd.

*A Realm where all Men are content,
Such sure can be on Earth;
Where ev'ry Person thinks his Rank
Is equal to his Worth.*

*This State of Things, you Britons brave,
Is all our Wish and Aim,
You see 'tis Good and Possible,
Nor in the least to blame.*

All. Huzza, Huzza, Huzza.

*Bump. Dear Sir Paris, I am your's, What
would I give that our Friend Old-Interest had heard
this Song.*

*Par. I suppose a Girl in the Wind, Angelica is
disposed of To-day.*

*[Thunder and Lightning. The Stage is darken'd. Groans
and rattling of Chains at a Distance—A Dance of Devils
—Vanish. A Second of Jacobite Skulls. They roll off the
Stage. The Ghost of Sacheverel rises to mournful Music:
Two Torches in each Hand, called Arminianism, Tyranny,
Persecution, and Indefeasible Right, brandishing them
over the Table, Sings the Following,*

*Behold these Brands that are kindled in Hell,
And blown with yelling Furies Breath,
To Mortals these bring, who love to rebel,
Foul Shame, Indignities, and Death.
When cloathed with Flesh, with these I disturb'd
The Peace and Repose of the Land,
Inspir'd with this Flame, by no Charity curb'd,
The Devil a Whig could withstand.*

*But rank Moderation now conjures me up,
Moderation! O damnable Thing,
As Matters go on I am likely to sup
All alone with dear Femmy the King.
To feed your just expiring Cause, behold
This Fuel brought from Realms of Woe,
And Numbers more than ever Newton told,
May you send down to me below.*

Delivering to each a Torch,

[vanishes.]

After

[*After a Pause of some Minutes, all four start from their Chairs, break all the Pipes, Glasses, and throw the Bottles out of Window; then jump upon the Table, whirling the Torches over their Heads, crying out, Liberty, Property, No Bribery, No Corruption, King and Country, No Hanoverians, No Presbyterians, down with the Round-heads.*

Enter OLD-INTEREST.

Hey day, Hey day Gentlemen, zoons you smell of Brimstone like the Devil's head Quarters.

[*They run about with their Torches, crying out, Old England, Old Interest, Old Stile, Church and King, no Schismatics, down with the Rump.*

O. I. Gentlemen,—Gentlemen I say,—I am ruin'd, I am undone,—my Mistress is ravishing from me; why, Gentlemen, begad you are all possessed; *Angelica* is gone, *Old-Interest* is shut out of Doors, and may go and hang himself.

Bump. A second Twenty-ninth of May.

Cat. A Brimmer to the Royal Oak, the best Timber in Old England—Ha Mr. *Old Interest*—in the Dumps, Hypochondriac, Melancholy, down with the Shitfacks, down with the Shitfacks.

O. I. *Fuit et non est amplius*———That Villain Trueman———

Par. Cut his Throat—Drawer—Pen, Ink and Paper—Hold the Torch—I'll write him a Challenge—

Cat. No—Music has Charms shall sooth the Savage—sheath your Weapon—Drawer bring my Fiddle: Leave such Animals to *Catgut*.

Wife. Shall I reason him into Rebellion and Rascality, and prove him a Traitor, Republican and Schismatic by Mood and Figure.

Bump. Pish Pish, *Old-Interest* and I will drink him dead drunk, then you may knock him on the Head, fire the House with these Torches, clap the Guardians in the Cage, and run away with the Girl.

Cat. Excellent—*Old-Interest* you go and reconnoitre, whilst we go into the next Room and prepare to fally—

[*Exeunt.*

[*Crying* No Bribery, No Corruption, King and Country, No Dependence.

S C E N E V.

The Street.

MASQUE and FRENCHMEN.

Mas. **V**EL, dis be fort belle, very fine, *Monf.* *Gensdarmes*, *Monf.* *Dragoon*, *Monf.* *Mosquetaire*, my very good Friends, regardez vous, dat be de House, dere be de Lady, a very fine Prize, bon Courage.

Gens. Ouy Ouy, *Masque*, Ouy Ouy.

Enter OLD-INTEREST.

Masque in good Time—who are these Gentlemen.

Mas. *Francois*, *Francois*, my *Maitre*, derefore dey be Men of *Qualité* in *England*, dey be à votre Service, and will aid you in getting your *Mistress*.

O. I. How?

Mas. Pour different Methods—for Instance—Here be a tall *Prussian*, who shall go and plunder an Estate of her Fader's abroad, regardez. *Trueman* vil send his armed *Servantes* to assist; me have a Key of a good * *Castle* cross de *River*, where me vil have a good Force ready to join de *Malecontents*; me do no mind de *Militia*, me vil find good Friends in de *Militia*, vid Arms ready——

O. I. Excellent!

Mas. And begar for de two old Women vid 60,000 Men each, me vil employ un *Swede* and un *Turque* to prevent dem—De Army be all of one Side, but pardie de *Militia* be of two Sides, and me sal have one——

O. I. Name the Price of your generous Behaviour.

Mas.

Maf. Why *Basilica* must be burnt, and *Madam Gewgaw* be Lady of de Ceremony in her room; *Monf. Wimwam* must be acknowledged for de Monarque of *Grand-Bretagne*, for which he must pay Tribute to *Lewis*; den you may ravish, plunder, strip, imprison, do vat vous plairez to your Lady.

O. I. Well Gentlemen you shall be satisfied; my Friends at the Mitre are preparing for the Attack. I am shut out of my Mistress's House, and the Rogues of Guardians had the Impudence to tell me now out of the Windows, that they were even with me for slighting their Privileges, and *Trueman* should have *Angelica*.

Maf. Me vil conduct dese Men of Rank to de Mitre, and dence ve vill fall in a Body. [*Exeunt.*

O. I. Do so—The Coast is clear, and favours the Execution of our purposed Scheme, I'll hasten my Friends—But who is this coming so hastily from the House—The Devil and his Imps—*Trueman*.

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Give me, ye Gods, Speed that can swallow up Space quick as human Thought—*Angelica* is mine. I shall burst with Happiness—I go to fetch the Priest. [*Going.*

O. I. Here you *Trueman*, you *Abfalom*, Heart-stealer, Disturber of the public Peace and Neighbourhood.

True. A Salute not over-civil, Mr. *Old Interest*; your Ribaldry under this Disappointment is beneath my Anger.

O. I. Is it so, you Paper-skull'd fanatical Whore-son; you ministerial Tool; you shitfack, canting, whigified, low-Church, schismatical Regicide.

True. Take Breath.

O. I. Take Breath—thou bundled up, rumpified Enthusiast; what, turn Jew, deny your Saviour*; Perjure yourself†; drink Damnation to People; go to, you gimcrack'd Tool.

C 2

True.

* D—r—l—.

† B—n—by.

True. If proofless Assertion were Syllogism, I should think myself very wicked—Patience Man.

O. I. Patience—you are a corrupt venal Knave.

True. Weak Argument——

O. I. I prove it thus—you are a Placeman, *ergo* you are a Jew; *ergo* you are a venal, corrupt, profligate Wretch; *ergo* you sell your Country. There never was a Placeman but was thus abandoned—

True. My Prince calls me to his Service, and I discharge my Post honourably.

O. I. A Place brings in a Sum, that Sum is a Bribe.

True. A Bribe, to do what?

O. I. To do his Will that pays you, and to pursue his Interest.

True. A Prince's Interest is his Subjects Happiness; the Question therefore is concerning the Degree of national Happiness.

O. I. I say that ——

True. I beg this once to speak without Interruption, and appeal to your own cool and calm Reason for the Truth of my Words. Are we not a free, rich and happy People? No Tyranny over Person, Estate or Conscience? Have we not the noblest Body of Laws, invincible Fleets, and warlike and well-disciplin'd Troops? Over these presides a Monarch, sprung from the antient Line of our Kings, who sees a just Execution of the former, and a glorious well-directed Use of the latter: Nay do not frown, stamp, and be in a Fury, you assert we are a poor deluded miserable People, Slaves to delegated Power, immersed in Profligacy, Wick- edness, and Pusillanimity: Open your Eyes Mr. *Old Interest*, behold our Arable Lands and rich Pastures, our numerous Flocks and Herds, our bursting Granaries, our navigable Rivers covered with Vessels, our rich Mines, and profitable Woods——Ascend yon Eminence, view the beautiful Plantations, the sumptuous Seats, the graceful Churches, the pleasant Hills, the rich Valleys, and

and the whole Country like the Garden of God—
In what Kingdom can you find Cities more populous, public Buildings more magnificent, private Houses more commodious, fill'd with neat or costly Furniture, and the Inhabitants abounding in all the Comforts and Conveniences of Life? Where shall you meet with Nobles more splendid, hospitable, generous and brave; Commons more tenacious of Liberty and the public Good; Clergy more learned, pious, or charitable; Trading Companies with larger Stocks; Merchants of superior Probity, more extensive Commerce; Soldiers more courageous and obedient; or stouter and more skillful Mariners?—This Answer to all your specious Claims to Patriotism, the meanest Ploughman may see and feel the Force of.

O. I. Stuff, Stuff, begad. You have a Post under the Crown, therefore you are a corrupted, venal Slave, and are a ministerial Tool, therefore you are a wicked profligate Wretch—If you were a *Cato* before, the Moment you have a Place, you sacrifice your God, and Saviour, you sell your Body, Soul and Goods to the Devil; you do all you can to promote Luxury and Gaming, to make Men Beggars, and then they must be at your Mercy for Support—go to, go to.

True. Your Absurdity rather is an Object of Contempt and Ridicule, than your Malice—

O. I. No Placemen, no Court Tools, the Nation is ruin'd, Liberty, Property, and Independence, King and Country for ever——You triumph now in worthless Preference, but I'll clip your Wings, I'll be revenged this Instant—Thou most contemptuous and transcendent Varlet.

[*Exit.*

True. Ha, ha, he, poor *Old Interest*—The holy Man lives hard by, I will be knit this Moment to *Angelica*, with indissoluble Ties.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

The Mitre.

MASQUE and FRENCHMEN.

All. **H**UZZA, huzza, vive le Roy, vive le Roy, God save de King of *France*.

Mas. Fort Gallant, very brave indeed, so much for our good Allies—be dey bound fast, Monsieur *Dragoon*—Monsieur *Mosquetaire*.

Mosq. Que voulez vous cher *Masque*.

Mas. Torture dem, dey be most malignant Heretique, torture dem, je dis, vile Enemies to de Vierge Marie—to de sovereign Pontiff Romaine.

Mosq. Ouy Monsieur.

Mas. Monsieur *Gensdarmes*, attendez vous en peu, je vous prie, my Maitre Mr. *Interest Antique* be here ce Moment, dis Moment, seize de Coquin, and bind him in de Cellar to an Hogthead of Claret.

[*Exit Mosquet.*]

Enter FRENCHMAN.

Mas. Vat News.

French. De Prisoners be safe, and Monsieur *Old Interest* dis Minute be come in de House, and be confined in de Cardinals's Cap.

Mas. O rare, excellent News; allons donc my brave Garçons, now seize de Lady, blow up de House vid Gunpowder—Hey for *St. Dennis*, et de Vierge Marie.

Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

The Street.

Enter TRUEMAN.

THE Priest attends, and I fly to fetch *Angelica*. But, what can this mean? I spy one of her Servants breathless, and making hitherwards.

Enter SERVANT.

Oh Mr. *Trueman*—we—are undone—we, Oh, Oh, we are undone—

True. For Heaven's sake explain your self.

Ser. Oh Sir, that wicked Mr. *Old Interest*, out of Madness, because the Guardians would not choose him, has gone and got some French Soldiers, and Papishes, and they have broke the Doors, and talk to be sure of blowing up the House—I heard 'em swear my Mistress should be the *French King's* Dish-washer—And as for my old Mistress, they talked of tying her to a Stake in the Court-Yard, with nine and thirty Articles of high Treason about her Neck. And as we were out of Faggots, they are going to pile her Chin high with Bibles, Testaments, Common-Prayers, and Martyrologies, to burn her with, and one of 'em had twisted up the Massacre of *Paris* to light the Fire with.

True. *En quo discordia Cives*—Most fatal Event—

Ser. Mr. *Freehold* is chain'd like a Felon, has got wooden Shoes on, and is forced to lap up Soup-maigre; Mr. *Property* is stripped to the Skin, and is shivering in the back Yard; Mr. *Conscience*, and Mr. *Loyalty* made their Escape.

True. They were beyond the Power of the Villains to touch.

Ser. O Lord, Sir, they have broke upon my Masters strong Box, and are going to destroy the * Deeds, and Bonds, and Annuities in it.

True. I see *Conscience* and *Loyalty* coming this Way, I'll join them, and with our Friends, and God's Grace, we soon will drive away these Locusts.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The Funds.

SCENE

SCENE the Last.

MASQUE, FRENCHMEN; ANGELICA, FREEHOLD, and PROPERTY, *Prisoners.*

Mas. **N**OW be we greater Men dan *Alexander*, and will found a fifth Monarchy—Send over directly for more of de noble Poulvilles, Valets, de Cooks, de Fencers, de tres noble Marqueses, to possess dis blessed Country—Dragoon, do you go and burn to de Ground de great House near dis Place, vere de Lion do tear the Cock; begar it do reproach our Country; burn de old Vitch *Basilica*, and furbish up de Places for *Madame Gewgaw*—*Monsieur Cavallero*, pull of de Disguise, for now you sal reign over dis Realm. Begar, me did send for him from his hiding Hole in de Minories, to take de Crown—Vive le Roy du Grand Bretagne—Vive le Roy—Vive *Wimwam* de Tird. Me vil have dis fair Lady in your Name.

Wim. Je vous rend mille Graces. Je suis tout a votre Service Monsieur *Masque*.

Mas. Vat Noise be dat.

[*Alarm. Excursions. Enter Trueman, Conscience, Loyalty, &c. Drive out the French; and unbind Angelica, and the rest.*

Mas. Oh le Diable, le Diable.

Wim. An Horse, an Horse, three Kingdoms for an Horse. *Exeunt.*

True. Hence you powder'd Moths to your own Continent, nor dare to raise your Standards in our Isle; one free-born *British* Arm is worth a dozen Slaves of *France*. My Friends, free *Basilica*, and my poor deluded Countrymen, caught with Gallic Wiles.

To ANGELICA.

And now, my lovely Maid, a smiling Train
Of long successive Years shall bless us both.

Then

Then Sorrow past, compar'd to present Joy,
 Shall heighten Bliss, and Gratitude excite;
 And then to Glory's sacred Seat, shall Peace,
 Truth, and snow-white Innocence, Sisters twain,
 With rugged Virtue lead our Progeny,
 Heroes, Kings, and Demi-gods, burning all
 With Love of public Good; and then shall flow
 Consuming Envy, and the direful Tribe
 Of Superstition, and despotic Sway,
 Together from the Summit head-long plunge
 Into the Deep of old eternal Night,
 Unheeded, and unthought of more—

To Heav'n

Ascend loud Peals of undissembled Joys,
 And Happy, happy *Britain* rends the Skies.

Curtain falls.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by TRUEMAN.

COME Genius of England from Heav'n descend,
O come our Island's Guardian, and her Friend.

*Let various Nations, various Humours move,
The generous Britons still shall taste thy Love.
Not tawdry France, ambitious, faithless, loud,
Nor Spaniard formal, superstitious, proud,
Not venal Swiss, nor Poland's servile Breed,
Nor Prussian crafty, nor the boorish Swede,
Not clumsy Dutchman, Slave to Toil and Care,
Italian vengeance, nor the Russian Bear,
But Thou, white Albion, Empress of the Main,
Where Freedom, smiling Peace, and Plenty reign,
Thy Sons in Fame's Records shall foremost stand,
And spread their Glory, far as Seas or Land.*

*What Man this Isle's blest Produce does not know,
The truest Friend, and the most gallant Foe.
Hero, Patriot, Brother, Husband, Wife,
Each glowing Ornament of polish'd Life;
Extensive Commerce, Arms, and Arts divine,
To bless the whole, with Liberty combine.*

*Let Vice and Faction with Invektives rage,
And mask'd with public Good arraign the Age,
Indulgent Heav'n their Falsehood clearly shews,
And Britain blesses to refute her Foes.*

*The Fact is plain—whence flows then Discontent?
Because we are upon our Ruin bent;
With Fulness bursting, and luxurious Ease,
We happy Wretches are so hard to please;
In War for Peace, in Peace for War we cry,
For Rights now struggle, now for Vanity:
High-season'd Food makes peccant Humours flow,
And on the Stock of public Glory Brambles grow.*

*“ Granted—but though Corruptions plain appear,
“ Still Truth and Virtue to our Side adhere.”*

Nay rather grant that those who Virtue plead,
The giddy Multitude with Incense feed :
But note the constant Charge when Parties fight,
The Ruling wrong, the Ruled ever right ;
No such Extreme is due to mortal Race,
Mistakes the best and worst, by Turns disgrace ;
Most perfect be whom fewest Errors stain,
Complete Perfection Man will ne'er attain.

Be wise then Britons, and avoid the Fate,
Of civil Discord, and intestine Hate.
Britain united may the World command,
Divided—is a Prey to ev'ry Land.

F I N I S.

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